An awful

# SERMON,

Preached by a citizen of Glasgow,

ON THE

Death of the Woman, who lost her life near Rutherglen Muir.

To which is added,

An exhortation to all young women. And an awful warning to all Whore-setters, and Bandy-house keepers.

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An Awful

# SERMON, &c.

TO point out the following vices of mankind, and lead them into a road that will amend these follies and flaws these vices is not a talk for desperadoes, but for one possessed of his faculties and in a sound mind.—We have lately had a striking relation Concerning one Christian Gray who lost her life near Rutherglen, which undoubtly ought to be, and should be an awful warning to all young women to beware into what Company they go, and with whom they associate, and for that purpose, they

should carefully avoid the Company of false deluding men.

The age we now live in, is of such a nature, that every one seeks his own, and cares not much for his neighbour, young women, and to their unspeakable shame be it told, the old too, have grown giddy-headed, that they stand at nothing, spare no cost to get fine cloaths, high heads, powdered hair, long tails, and curls, and the young and poor unthinking women having such an itch to be in the fashion, but finding their fortunes and fees inadequate for the purposes of their extravagances, turns hidden prostitutes, and in that way gets their end accomplished. which leads me to advise the young and unwarry mortals to beware of the houses they go into, the Company they keep.

In the next place, I speak a few words, about the houses and their manners and way of living, and thereafter describe a certain Character of men and women, known by the name of procurers, and the high & aggravated crimes and sins they are guilty of, and then wind all up in a word of admonition to all young and old, high and low, rich and poor.

To you, O young women, is this warning principally designed, therefore in the spirit of meekness, let me advise you to beware, of young men who stile themselves by the name of Gentlemen, altho' its true, they

are

able to give you a few pounds to keep up your extravagancies for the preſent, yet in the end it often does, & I will add, proves always bitter. how often do we hear of girls having been begot with child, and in order to ſcreen the father, and hide their own wickedneſs fall upon ſchemes to ſtifle the birth if poſſible, and having accompliſhed their wicked intention and deſign, have been obliged to wear out a youthful life under a crazy body, and infirm ſtate of health, till death put an end to them here, but O the awful and piercing thoughts of what they have done, and where they muſt go and leave all theſe fine things at the coſt of blood, and an ill ſpent Life. With reſpect to theſe houſes of madneſs and debauchery that uſed to haunt you poor deluded creatnres, after theſe Gentlemen had got their will for all they got from them, did they let you go until you alſo gave them ſomething either in drink or money; in the way they live, they can do no leſs, high rents, bed and bed-cloaths, and a bottle of wine or good Brandy after a moſt Luxurious dinner, comes not of nothing from ſuch houſes, and the Company that haunts them. Withdraw, as you may be aſſured that their feet go down to Death, and their ſteps take hold on Hell, and in a ſhort time when death ſhall ſtare them in the face, if they look backward they will ſee nothing, but an ill ſpent life

having been the mean of debauching many a pretty youth, ruined many families, and if they look forward, they see no comfort, no hope but the Devil and his Aangels, these executioners of God's vengeance and wrath waiting the dissolution of soul and body, and like so many hungry lions grasp their poor soul and dragg it head-long to that place where there is nothing, but weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, if mercy prevent it not; which leads me naturally to speak a few words concerning a procurer. A Procurer is a person who makes it their main business to get poor young girls drawn into their clutches, and for the love of money or to get fine cloaths, resolved to be debauched, provided this person of Belial can get a good Gentleman immediatly.

This lump of Hell falls upon all schemes, to get this unfortunate wretch sett, for it would appear they are paid for their trouble, so much if the procured has her maiden-head, & so much if she is a new face; a strange and diabolical method of gaining Bread, however, the girl is set for the time being, and the Procurer waits perhaps at the door of the Gentleman's house, or if it is a house of pleasure the may perhaps be admitted to sit in the kitchen, until she gets payment, and takes away her prey, gets so much from her, and now she is on the street, her feet abide

not in her house, she lieth wait in every corner, to see if she can catch one among the sons of the simple. And now this limb of the Devil like her master is all on fire, to get this poor deluded creature more debauched: and to get her customers served, goes straightway with her to another, and so on till she has let this new face be seen to all the favourites of this destroyer and abuser of youth, and afterwards she is put to shift for herself, and put to her own hand and turns out a common prostitute, until perhaps she lose Eye-sight or a piece of her Nose, or is got with child and puts an end to a miserable existance, under the awful pangs of an awakened conscience and an ill spent life, a recent instance of which has last month happened in the town of Manchester. Where a girl finding herself with child, sent her mother for some materials to destroy herself, which had the desired effect on which her mother was apprehended, put in prison, & next day cut her own throat. (See the Glasgow Advertiser for a proof of this.) And O what will I say to these procurers, these Agents, for the kingdom of Satan, these generals of his armies by whom many have been wounded, yea, many strong men have fallen by them, these promoters of that kingdom of darkness: the subjects of which they must eternally be if mercy prevent it not, for your own souls sake, break off

your evil course of life, think with yourself what evil you have been doing in the world, how many youths you have destroyed. And what accumulated guilt and crimes you have staring you in the face, and how do you know but before you go off this world, that you will be made *Magor Missabib*, a terror to yourselves and to all arround you, and if this should not happen, it will be ill with you at death, and ill with you through all Eternity, when the irrevocable Sentence shall be past upon you; Go ye cursed and depart from me into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels, where you shall have no rest nor the least intermission of your torments, but will have to suffer the infinite wrath of God; to the utmost extremity of your enlarged capacity, and O who can tell what the wrath of God is, it is called wrath to the uttermost, and he has declared in his word, that the wicked, of which you make a conspicious part, shall be made to drink of the wine of the wrath of God; which is to be poured out into the cup of his indignation without mixture. And O think with yourselves what a day this will be to you, when that omnipotent God will open the flood gates of his wrath, and shower down such seas of his vengeance upon you, without the least mixture or the least Gleam or comfort, or the smallest hopes of ever being better, which

muſt render your ſtate to be inconceivably miſerable, and now all into whoſe hands this may come, be ſure to make a good uſe of your time.

Remember it is faſt going, and if it is miſimproven, perhaps it will not be long until it ſhall be ſaid; That time with reſpect to you ſhall be no longer, and as the tree falleth, ſo it muſt ly for ever; a good life generally makes a good end, and if this ſeaſon be improved to the advantage of ſoul and body, you will do well, and if neglected, you may never have the like again.

But God can let the ungodly know,
Who have no will nor power to do,
That he can juſtly make them live,
And magnify his power to ſave.

If God is true, there's ſafety here,
No room is left for anxious fear,
He juſtifies then who can blame,
It is Chriſt that dyed who ſhall condemn.

FINIS.